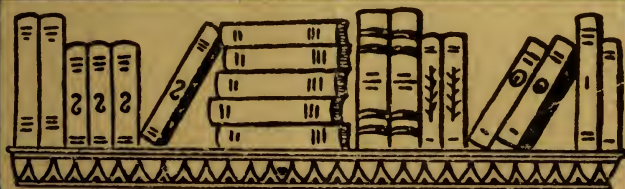


# *THE AUTHENTIC*



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# The Authentic

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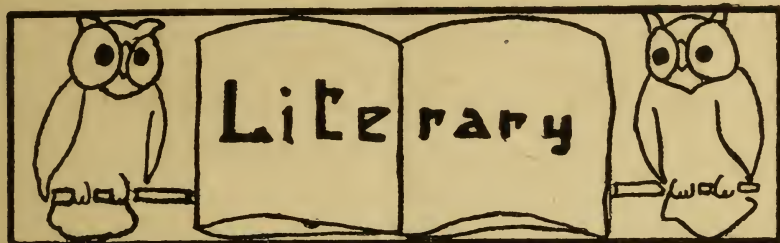
1928, Janet Learned

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## Physical Training For Girls

Physical training is not a new phase of education as many people suppose. Civilized society has always felt the need of physical education for its members, except, perhaps, for a brief period in the Middle Ages when physical weakness was considered a sign of spiritual excellence. The people of Persia, Egypt, India, and China had methods of physical training even before the Greeks had recognized its need; the latter, however, are to be regarded as the first people to establish and maintain a national system of physical education, based upon high ideals and thorough training. The festivals held at Olympia, Corinth, Nemea, and Pythea witnessed the very acme of excellence in the development of the human body. Later, in Rome, physical education, directed to military ends, became an essential part in the training of youth.

Today, in the effort to get away from formal discipline in the gymnasium, to escape the artificial, traditional, formal calisthenics and gymnastics, physical educators are turning to the Greek idea in athletics and as the only solution to the problem.

Between the Greek methods and modern methods of physical education is a great gulf, brought about probably by the various systems of gymnastics that have been developed to serve the particular needs of various nations and peoples.

For centuries nations have paid attention to the physical education of men—now they are beginning to realize the need of similar training for women. The past few years have shown a great development in the way of sports and competitive group games. Keen interest is aroused in these games, but it should be remembered that they are for recreation only, and to be played with this in view. A few

years ago, competitive sports for girls were practically unknown, while now most high schools have some form of interscholastic or inter-class games—such as field hockey and basket ball. The main object of competitive sports should be to arouse interest and should be played to the best of a girl's ability, but win or lose, it is only a game and not the most important thing in life.

Thirty years ago gymnasiums had no place in the American system of education, but today they play an essential part in any well rounded high school course. The Y. W. C. A. has been a great help in this respect to millions of the young women in this country.

Yet physical training is not by any means confined to competitive group games and in-door gymnasium work. Hiking, swimming, riding, tennis, and golf have won their place in girls' physical training. These activities bring the girl into the open air and sunshine, which are two of the greatest factors of good health.

But what are the aims of all these activities, you ask? The aims as set forth at a recent conference for physical training are as follows—firstly—skill, strength, and endurance as ends in training for citizenship—secondly—deliberation, reflection, determination, perseverance, and self-control as ends in character building—thirdly—the development of morality through physical education, accomplished by obedience to authority—fourthly—the purpose of high school athletics is for development of the individual in physique, skill, self-confidence and efficiency. This is what physical training aims to do for girls, and each year sees it more completely accomplishing its purpose.

The value of gymnastics for girls is especially illustrated in the case of Annette Kellerman, the wonder girl swim-

mer. As a child she was practically a cripple, but by steady perseverance and hard work with her exercises she has become a specimen of perfect health. Gymnastics served to give her perfect muscular control.

Physical training teaches a girl not only how to gain good health, but what is far more important, how to keep it. The competitive group games and group athletics teach a girl that it is

not the winning or losing of a game that counts, but whether it is won fairly. In short, it teaches her how to play effectively the greatest of all games—the game of life, for—

"When the Great Scorer comes at last,  
To write beside your name,  
He writes not—whether you won or lost;

But how you played the game."

Marjorie Young, '24.

## An Old Landmark

"Up and down the village streets  
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
For the thoughts and things of today  
are hid,

And through the veil of a closed lid  
The ancient worthies I see again."

Around historic Boston, many an ancient worthy with periwig and silver buckled shoes has played his part in the making of the history of our nation. Some of the olden habitations yet stand by the wayside, landmarks to us who "seek their secrets in the light of historic truth." Bunker Hill is hallowed ground, where our sires were determined to fight and ready to die in their good cause. How many time worn and weather beaten landmarks we might find in Lexington and peaceful Concord, witnesses of those stirring deeds when the fate of a nation was at stake! The Old Powder House, a precious legacy of the Revolution, still stands on the stage road through Somerville, to remind the passerby of the Siege of Boston.

On a rise of ground at Mystic side, not far from Medford Square, stands a mansion strongly built marked with the evidence of an old-time magnificence. Once this was the most renowned in New England for its architectural strength and beauty, and its imposing appearance must still impress us. At first it was a little settler's home built by Governor Winthrop for workers on the land which had been granted him along the winding Mystic.

Here in 1637, came a wealthy West Indian merchant, Isaac Royall, who established his seat in old Charlestown with his gardens, his slaves, and his rich wines. He enlarged and added to the little house, until it was the stately three storied dwelling which we see today. The house stood in the midst of grounds laid out with trees and shrubbery, and separated from the highway

by a low brick wall. In the rear was a large garden, where on terraced mound stood an ornamented summerhouse, surmounted by a dashing figure of Mercury. The old brick quarters which the slaves occupied still remain, the last visible relics of slavery in New England.

Isaac Royall did not live long to enjoy his princely estate, and the property was passed to Isaac Royall the second. Then what scenes of joyous festivity and merriment did the old house know! Gilded coaches rolled up in state to the broad entrance, and prominent guests alighted under the shade of the grand elms. The hospitality of the Royall house was known far and wide, and continued over a period of nearly forty years.

Isaac Royall was an important personage in these times. For sixteen years he was the chairman of the selectmen of Charlestown, and for twenty-two years he was a member of the Governor's Council. He served on countless committees, always furthering the welfare of his countrymen. The Harvard Law School was first made possible by his bounty, and a town in Worcester County was named Royalston in his honor. He was held in high esteem by his townspeople, and was loved and respected by all.

Then came the Revolution. Isaac Royall, torn between two opinions, chose the wrong one and on the Sunday before the battle of Lexington, he left his beloved home—to die an exile in England.

Then the old house looked upon stirring times, for it was made the headquarters of General John Stark. From a little window in the roof of the house, Molly Stark watched her husband's advance to Boston, ready to ride into the country and spread the alarm if he should be attacked. It was John

Stark, you know, who once in the face of the enemy said to his men, "They are ours tonight or Molly Stark is a widow."

Washington and his staff were often seen in the old home and many a council of war was held in the secrecy of the summerhouse.

General Lee then took up his headquarters in the old mansion, whose echoing corridors suggested to his fancy the name of Hobgoblin.

The Royall mansion came in 1810 into the possession of Jacob Tidd, in whose family it remained for almost fifty years. A frequent visitor in the home of Mistress Tidd was her brother, William Dawes, who performed the same deed as Paul Revere on that memorable April night.

The old house now has been taken over by the Royall House Association, an organization which has made it possible for us to see today the wonderful carving of balusters and columns, secret panels which open at the right touch, pictured tiles in the quaint fireplaces, an old tea chest which figured in Boston's famous tea-party and scores of precious relics of Colonial days.

So the old house stands, surrounded by lofty trees, stored with precious memories, dreaming of the future and of days long done, ready to welcome you and me and all those who wish to recall the days and the deeds of our forefathers.

Margaret Patch, '24.

## The Lion of Lucerne

Picture, if you will, young Bertel Thorwaldsen as he listens eagerly to Old Jan, the best story-teller in all Copenhagen. The old man takes the boy with him into the Indian jungle, made hideous at night by the cries of savage animals. He tells of a native guide sighting a magnificent creature, the king of all beasts. The lion, even as he lunges forward to protect his mate and cubs, to guard the safety of those he holds most dear, is pierced full in the breast by a javelin.

Something far within the soul of the young boy responds to this story, and over and over again Old Jan must repeat his jungle tale.

The 10th of August, 1792, all Paris is in a tumult. A frenzied mob moves upon the Tuileries. Poor, weak King Louis submits to the will of his turbulent subjects. "Marchons," he says, and royalty leaves the Tuileries forever. Behind are left only the Swiss Guards, paid mercenaries, "ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a day, yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die and ye did it."

Alone, the Swiss face the insatiated revolutionist. They stand firm. This is not their quarrel, Louis is no king of theirs and he has forsaken them like a king of "shred and patches." Yet it is their duty to defend. Volley after volley they fire; cannon are captured; the stricken mob is checked; the day is won. But no, orders come from the

king to cease firing and the Swiss Guards obey. The issue is inevitable, granite Swiss on one side, all France on the other. Terror and fury rule the hour. Exposed to the entire fury of the populace, some of the Swiss find protection in flight, but most of the brave defenders are massacred, butchered without mercy. For what a bitter and fruitless cause the Swiss have spent unavailing devotion! Nothing is more ghastly in history than the terrible and pitiless slaughter of the Swiss Guards during the French Revolution.

While this fearful struggle is still vivid in memory, an officer of this loyal guard, who has retired to his home in Lucerne (a district most noted for its mercenaries) determines to erect a monument in his gardens to his unfortunate comrades. All Switzerland favors commemorating her children and the subscriptions are generous. Next to find a sculptor of such skill that the loftiness of the subject can be justly portrayed. Instantly comes the reply as a question, "Who but Thorwaldsen?" And so the greatest sculptor of the time, once the blue-eyed lad of the Copenhagen shipyards, is summoned to Lucerne from Rome.

As Thorwaldsen meditates upon a theme worthy of such courage, he recalls once more the story told by Old Jan of the lion, who though mortally wounded would still protect with his life his mate and cubs.

Thorwaldsen has never seen a live lion and he goes to old masterpieces

for inspiration. At last his work is completed. An immense niche, thirty-two feet, nine inches high, is hollowed out of solid rock—there the colossal lion, carved from native granite, overlooks the lake of the Four Cantons. An indefinable look of pain, mingled with defiance and patience in his eyes, with broken spear-shaft in his side, he lies upon the royal escutcheon of France, still maintaining a hold. The little lake at the foot of the cliff prevents too near approach, while the seams of strata give a realistic touch. The grand

simplicity of the subject with that soulful human quality perpetuates forever the masterpiece of Thorwaldsen.

Carlyle says: "Let the traveler as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look at the monumental lion, not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the figure rests there by the still lake waters, in lullaby of tinkling ranz des vaches, the granite mountain dumbly keeping watch all around, and though inanimate, speaks."

Anna Dewhurst, '24.

## Romance of Rubber

Frequently we are awakened by the telephone ringing. We arise, jump into slippers, and placing a receiver, made of rubber, to our ears, answer the ring. If it is dark, we press the electric button, having hard rubber as a switch handle. While washing, we may use a rubber plug to keep the water in the wash bowl. If it is raining, we must have our rubbers and raincoat before going out. We jot a few notes on paper with our newest fountain pen made of hard, pure rubber. Going to the garage, we usually make sure that our tires are not soft. We enter and leisurely sit upon a soft cushion seat of imitation leather, which in reality is nothing more than a rubber composition called "fabricoid."

In this short period of time rubber has played a very important part in our lives. It is one of those conveniences to which little attention is paid, yet without which we would feel at a loss to replace. Warily has rubber crept into the routine of civilization and has so imbedded itself, that we may omit rubber only at a loss to our personal comfort.

Rubber is produced from the latex of the *Havea Braziliensis* which is native to Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay. This latex is sort of thick, milky looking sap coming from between the inner and outer bark, containing pores, which, when tapped, bleed profusely. The tapping is done usually in what is known as the herring-bone system: that is, slight cuts are made in the bark which meet in a main channel through which the sap from all the cuts run and finally is collected by means of a faucet cup. The *Havea* is only one of the many milk producing plants which grow wild native, amongst which

are the *Manihot Glaziovii*, *Castilloa*, *Cerra*, *Fiens Elastica* *Landolphia Kirkii*.

The rubber industry is a comparatively recent one, and there are now two methods in vogue for obtaining the raw product. The old method by which the so-called natural rubber was obtained from South American countries; and a recent method, (inaugurated about 1902) known as the plantation method, used mostly in Ceylon, Samatra and Malay Peninsula.

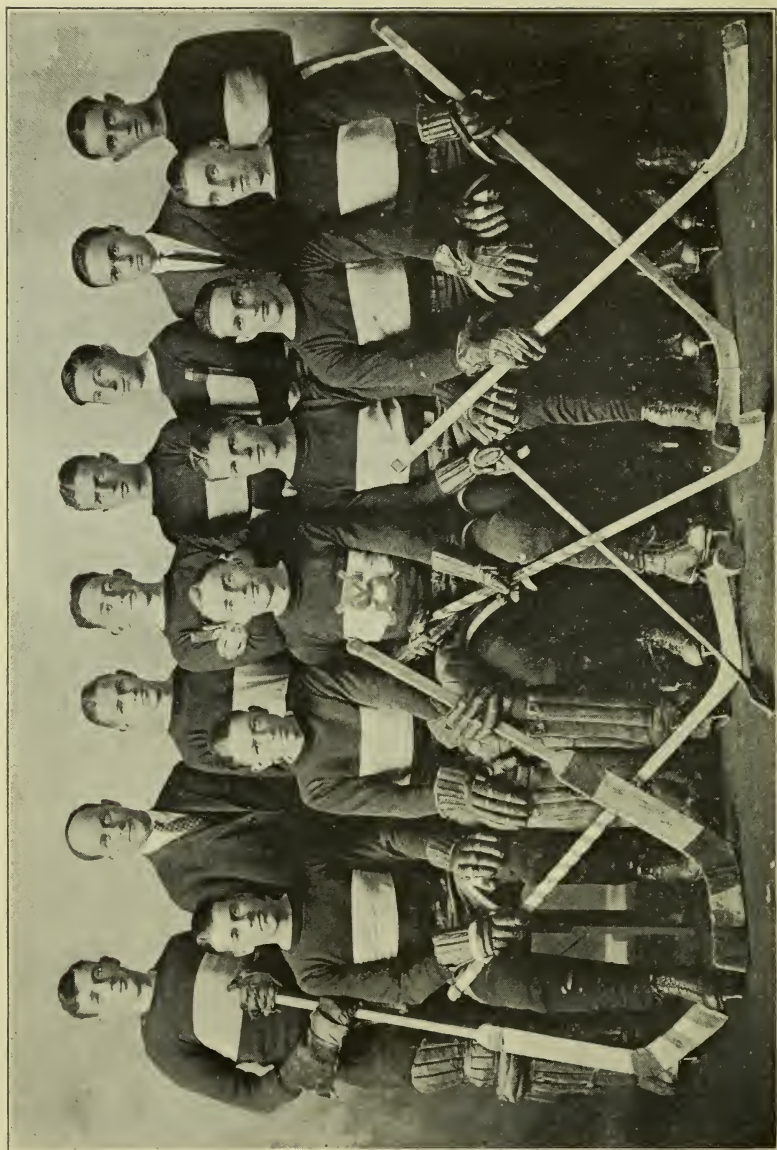
The old method in use prior to 1902, was altogether different than that of today. The capital invested mostly in the United States had no real connection with the industry until the rubber reached United States ports. There was almost no connection between the producer and the capitalist. Today, the large rubber concerns own and maintain their own plantations and are in direct contact with the source at all times.

Just picture the innermost recesses of the Amazon river—a tepid, torrid region, overgrown with luxurious vegetation—and unused to contact with modern civilization. Also imagine a constant temperature of 90-115 degrees F. and you can easily convey to your minds the characteristics of the first source of rubber.

The port of Manoaas, situated some two or three hundred miles along the interior, is the hub around which the rubber production revolves, whereas the port of Para from which we derive our name of Para rubber was the port of exportation as it still is today.

In obtaining the rubber under the old method, eight or ten natives enter the jungle under the guidance and direction of an assistant superintendent,





STONEHAM HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

each man being provided with a macheta, latex cup, 30 grams of quinine, supply of provisions to last twenty days, canteen of water and a loin cloth, all of which had to be purchased from the company store and were deducted later from earnings. These men were preceded by one who was known as a trail clearer. He marks all the likely looking trees with the company seal. The group, after penetrating the jungle deeply, finally erect a shelter, and each man is given a certain section of the jungle to cover and immediately sets off by himself to collect latex.

He usually goes to the part of territory farthest from headquarters and works towards that point. This man alone in the jungle, with no firearms to protect his life from wild beasts, no established camp and absolutely no means of communication with his fellow workers, now sets to work to gather the latex for a very paltry sum. Above all these hardships is the fact that most of these expeditions set out right after the rainy season when the weather is unbearably hot, and the germs of malaria virtually swamp the regions. The native takes a tree marked by the trail clearer and makes the necessary incisions with his macheta and catches the sap in a latex cup. He allows it to drain about thirty minutes and then pours it into a large bowl. After making several of these tappings he coagulates the sap, that is, he makes it into a solid which is a crude form of rubber. To do this he dips a sharp, pointed stick about four feet long into the latex and taking it out slowly revolves it in the smoke of a fire made of the nuts of the *Attalea excelsa*.

This fire must be burning just enough to give off much smoke. This smoke has a peculiar effect on the latex in that it hardens it. The native keeps dipping the stick into the latex until he has formed it all into crude rubber. It may now be slipped off the stick, but the natives usually break off the stick as it adds weight to the lump. This is the cause of slitting the rubber in order to determine whether or not the worker has added sticks or used a sap which flows far more freely than does the *hevea* but which gives a much poorer quality of rubber. Although forewarned and paid much less, they are so stupid as to repeatedly do this.

This process the native repeats, working for 12 or 14 days before returning to the central camp from

whence they journey to the company's inland headquarters at Manoa. Here they are paid according to the amount collected, and very poorly paid, I might add. The rubber is thence shipped to some port, as Para on the Coast, bought by companies owning large warehouses, from whence it is finally shipped to the United States. This method is poor because of the variation of the quality, the speculation and the uncertainty of the supply.

If today one was to journey to Ceylon or Sumatra and take a trip to one of the rubber plantations he would see a palatial looking home, fronted with a long veranda upon which the superintendent may usually be found. From this vantage point he can overlook a large plantation and watch many natives at work. The trees are planted in very regular and straight rows, with enough room between them to allow a small train to run. Each native collects his sap in a large container marked with his number and which is set on the train and carried to large buildings in the center of the plantation. Here the process of coagulation takes place. The latex is slowly sprinkled on a large roller which rotates over the smoke caused by the nut. This gives a uniform quality of rubber which is not obtained by the old method. And so today we find rubber practically grown to order, the producer controlling the difference between controlling the market and having the market control the producer. The former tends to stimulate production and the latter to depend upon an unknown quantity.

The discovery of the plantation method may well be called an act of Providence for the value of rubber can not be estimated in dollars and cents. Its uses are manifold. From the fountain pen to the radio receiving set, we see some rubber used; even the streets of Boston are being paved with rubber. We walk upon rubber, we see its uses while eating, some forms are even used to enable our ease and comfort when we sleep.

Rubber today has become a necessity of life in the same category as salt and bread and other articles of food. We use rubber in our clothing, we are sheltered by it, we use it in locomotion and in fact today our very life circles about the uses of rubber for is not radio the mystery of the future and does not radio depend upon the non-conductivity of rubber as the only means

of harnessing electricity and electrical impulses? And so let us think of rubber not only as an inanimate product to be grown and speculated upon, not something tangible, but something that

unknowingly helps conquer those invisible forces. Rubber is a silent friend of civilization.

Kenneth Rice, '24.

## The Lost Mine

Tired of looking from the window of a western-bound express train, I thought of the tradition which had been handed down for several generations in our family, about a lost mine. The story ran that one of our ancestors, who had been among the explorers of western America about 1800, had found a mine of fabulous riches, but he had died before exploring it further.

A record had been left which stated that if one stood at midday on the right place at the edge of the desert, there would be visible, on an isolated peak shaped like a sombrero, four bright spots forming a perfect square. When these were located, by following his directions, the mine could be easily found.

As a boy I had pored over these records, and suddenly I realized that today's date was the same as that of my ancestor's discovery, April first. Here I was, riding through the country where it was reported to be. Might I not find it? However, I soon put these thoughts from my mind, as I reflected that many of our family had failed to find any traces of it, although they had searched long.

Suddenly I was awakened from my day-dream by the screaming of the brakes as the train came to a standstill. As it did not immediately resume its journey, I got out to find the reason for this abrupt stop on the edge of the desert. A brakeman said there was trouble that would delay them an hour.

Wishing to view the surrounding country, I climbed the nearest hill. The sun was shining directly overhead, and as I turned to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, I saw that which made me lose my breath and gasp with astonishment.

There, at a comparatively short distance was an isolated mountain shaped like a sombrero, purple against the cloudless blue of the sky. On its peak four bright spots forming a square sparkled and gleamed. Was it a mirage or was it real?

As I stood in this dazed condition, I was startled by hearing the rumble of my train as it started. I sprang down the hillside and ran after it shouting and waving frantically but to no avail. The hot sun quickly tired me, and I stood helplessly and watched as the train disappeared. I was alone in the desert.

Determined to make the best of a bad situation, I again climbed the hill where I had first seen what I now believed to be a mirage, but to my surprise those four spots were still visible. Even as thoughts flashed through my mind of the riches of the lost mine, I beheld a lone horseman coming toward me. Was help at hand?

Fearing lest, as the sun moved, the exact spot from which I had seen the mountain at midday might be lost, I marked it with some stones which I found near the railroad track.

As I was on the edge of the desert, I soon found a large rock and sat down in its shade to wait for the arrival of the horseman and to try to remember the further directions to that mine. I thought back to those records—what were they? Something about so many paces north, then west and then northwest.

After puzzling myself for quite a while, I decided that the directions had been one hundred paces north, fifty west, and two hundred northwest from the point where the four bright spots might be seen.

I returned now to my landmark and as I looked for the horseman I realized he had turned and was passing about a mile to my right. Quickly tearing off my coat, I waved it wildly and shouted, hoping to attract his attention, but to no avail. Again I was alone in the desert!

Now I must find the mine and depend upon the flagging of some passenger train to take me from this desolate place. Judging the directions by the sun, for I had no compass, I quickly set out to pace the required amount—one hundred north, fifty west, and two

hundred northwest. I wondered while I was pacing what kind of a mine there might be in this dry desert country, and when I reached the end there was, as I did not exactly expect, nothing but a very sandy place, similar to many I had already passed through.

Not believing this was the right spot, I retraced my steps and again, very carefully this time, paced the distance. On the last hundred paces I became intensely excited and when I saw ahead of me a pile of rocks I fairly ran to them. Quickly I examined them, and there on the flat surface of the largest

in great letters was carved the single word DIG.

Feverishly I threw the heavy rocks to right and left. It was hard work, but I soon found that one more rock would disclose the bottom. I slowly lifted this, and there, on a large flat rock imbedded in the ground there was carved in large letters—APRIL FOOL.

Gone was my dream of riches, but even as I reviled my ancestor's idea of a joke, there was a jerk, and I awoke to hear the conductor's voice shouting, "Next station is Round Hole."

B. C. C., '27.

## Woman's Invasion of The Business World

The greatest invasion of the business world by women came in 1917. Before that, however, many had made their livelihood by activities along commercial lines, but never was so great an influx of women in business as was caused by the World War.

The economic condition was, in part, responsible for women shouldering the burden of support, not only of themselves, but of those dependent upon them.

When the young men responded to the country's call to arms, women were eager to aid in carrying on the industries of the nation. Their desire to serve was so great, that although they could not all go into the field as nurses, they wanted in some way "to do their bit."

The typewriter can, perhaps, be considered the key that opened the first door to them in the field of business. They have become experts in stenography, and, to a large extent, they have replaced men in this gainful occupation.

Because of the commercializing influence all up-to-date towns and cities are putting more and more emphasis on the commercial training in the High Schools and are giving the best possible foundation for future work.

Some of the criticisms hurled against the woman with a job are that she becomes hardened—that she spoils the labor market for men—and also that "a woman has no head for business."

If becoming hardened means learning to understand human nature and so becoming less sensitive to personal hardships—if it means that in facing serious problems the business women is

less yielding and not so easily swayed by emotions as her sheltered sister, yes, then a woman with a job is hard. But with a wider knowledge of human nature come a greater tolerance of it, and as one is knocked about the world she becomes more sympathetic with others.

That women spoil the labor market for men can be answered the way the argument about machines is answered. Industrial machines, when they first came into existence put men out of business, but after a certain period of adjustment, plenty of work was found for all. There are many men behind the counters that might well be reclaiming deserts or building railroads. One cannot help feeling that a man is wasted selling pink baby ribbon.

That women have no head for business, indeed! A fact that would have amazed our grandmothers is that there is a National Association of Bank Women, about four thousand in number, composed, not of bank clerks, but limited to women holding executive positions.

There are women manufacturers, about eight thousand of them, heads of successful industries, in some cases industries that they themselves have organized from the bottom up. Evidently women have a head for business!

The great war gave women everywhere such wide opportunities for their talents that they proved to have capacities hitherto unsuspected by men. Women have established themselves in the positions in which circumstances have placed them and filled them so efficiently that their ability has never since been questioned.

Try to think of some reputable business in which men engage that is not

equally open to women. It is not only true that the entire business field is open to them, but that they can go into any honorable business without attracting undue attention to themselves.

It should therefore be axiomatic,

that every human being, man or woman, should work at something. And to most it is evident that only the workers are happy, for they alone are serving.

Marion E. Saxby, '24.

## Modern Advertising

In a recent magazine article, a writer imagines what would happen if all advertising matter should suddenly disappear. The result is disastrous, all modern inventions become extinct, and the race goes backward.

This imaginary experience leads to the conclusion that in our modern world, advertising has a definite and quite indispensable place. By means of this comparatively new science, commodities are placed before the minds of the people in such an alluring form that it is almost impossible to resist the impulse to buy immediately.

The economic value of attractive advertising is constantly being demonstrated. Large sums of money are devoted by shrewd managers of successful business concerns to secure novel methods of gaining public attention through the beauty, originality, or audacity of their appeal. This is done because it has been proved that the method pays.

Magazines contain more advertising than literary material, and oftentimes the subtly worded announcements are completed by pictures and sketches. Because of the generous remuneration offered, artists of recognized ability in better known fields of art have turned their skill to this phase of advanced work. Among these are Coles Phillips, Arthur Rackham, Maxfield Parrish, and Jessie Wilcox Smith.

Some of the magazines refuse to accept contracts from questionable companies, and a few maintain testing plants to safeguard their readers by proving the worth of the article represented. In this way, the purchasers are assured that, when buying an article thus advertised, they are getting the best possible.

The circulars and booklets are the most direct means of reaching the public. All people like to receive mail and although it is true that these circulars are evidently thrown away, many, especially those removed from the great centers, purchase through postoffices. No expense is spared in making these

booklets as attractive as possible—the quality of the paper, the cuts and the illustrations combine in making them a pleasure to read. Besides these booklets advertising merchandise, there are those issued by the several railroad companies which contain information and adventurous appeal as well as the merits and equipment of the respective systems.

Daily newspapers have an important place in department store advertising. Other mediums are calendars and posters in the street cars which in later years have developed from mere printed appeals into highly colored placards, many with catch phrases, showing that, as a people, we constantly demand new devices to engage our attention.

In great cities the night is made brilliant by the flaunting lights of many hued electric signs announcing, in letters of flame and with intermittent flashes, the location of theatres, hotels and the headquarters of automobile concerns. By these means, curiosity and expectancy are aroused.

The art of advertising may be said to have reached its greatest height, when an airplane writes upon the sky, in great letters of smoke or flame, the name of some well known commodity.

Legitimate advertising is important and helpful, but when conspicuous billboards intrude on natural scenery, public sentiment demands their removal. Out of respect for this idea, and influenced by the Women's Clubs, certain large firms, among which are the Standard Oil Company, Colgate & Co., Kirkman & Sons, and the Pillsbury Flour Co., have placed themselves on record as doing away with billboards except in cities and near their places of business.

Since the advent of the radio, indirect advertising, termed advertising by concealment, has been used. Certain firms furnish entertainment for the "listeners in" and thrust the information upon their unsuspecting ears during the program. In time this will be changed by standardizing a method of

broadcasting and receiving.

The peculiarities of public sentiment are often difficult to explain. Even in this day of innovations, many concessions to established conventions are still made. In the medical profession, advertising is considered contrary to the code of ethics. The propriety and wisdom of advertising church services and other religious activities are still subjects of discussion. If these appeals are made in sincerity and with

unsensational dignity there seems to be no good reason for adverse criticism.

In choosing a vocation, a young person may well consider the opportunities for progress and proficiency offered by this science in its several phases: soliciting, illustrating, and writing. One may now look upon it as a suitable field of endeavor and an opportunity for praiseworthy achievement.

Ruth Massey, '24.

## Aunt Katherine's Portrait

In the library of a spacious mansion in a fashionable London section, a young girl late in her teens, sat alone. She had just returned from a theatre party, and after reaching her boudoir, discovered she had dropped a treasure between the lower hall and the upper apartments. Upon reaching the library, she discovered her trinket and sat down for a moment to examine it closely.

It was almost midnight, a bit early for a young person to be in, especially during the holidays.

Quickly the little French clock on the mantelpiece ticked away the minutes, while the old grandfather clock tocked every second with presuming regularity. Its hands were almost at twelve; then, the deep boom, boom of the ancient timepiece measured out the mystic hour.

Jane was about to leave when she thought she detected a faint rustle in the room. Turning about she fancied the noise came from under Aunt Katherine's portrait; but no, the lady in the frame, herself, was moving, shaking the folds of her silken gown and turning her head. Was this a dream? Slowly she looked about, and placed her dainty slippered feet on the portable library steps. It was then that she noticed Jane and smiled lovingly upon her.

The young girl drew nearer the older woman. Softly Jane spoke, gathering courage.

"Are you Aunt Katherine?"

"Indeed I am, my dear. I see I have not been forgotten these three hundred years."

"Oh, Aunt Katherine, Mother has so often told us stories of you, and I myself have read again and again in our genealogy of you. Tell me, dear Aunt, how it happens that you have come to

life tonight. I had just been thinking of you as I set here, wishing I might ask you just one question."

"Dear niece, perchance I may rest with thee here 'till sun up. On the anniversary of my birth each hundred years, I am privileged to visit this ethereal world. However, let us not be the losers of precious minutes by thus discoursing. What is thy question?"

"I was wishing, Aunt Katherine, that you, yourself might tell me the story of this ring I just discovered here in the library. I know it was yours."

"Ah, my child, it pleases me so much to hear thee talk thus, willingly will I grant thee thy request. I will begin my story immediately."

Midsummer, in the year of our Lord, one thousand six hundred and forty, while still was I lacking four years to make me twenty, I was riding in the Buckminster forest, searching out, here and there, the tiny flowers which peep from the cool ferns. Suddenly I received in mine ear an harsh voice, that of an uncultured man, ordering me to utter no sound and to obey his commands. I was terrified! No one had ever spoke me thus save old James, our age worn gardener, whose mercy I once happ'd into, after stealing berries from his favorite patch. From sheer fear I followed this outlaw, for such I felt he must be. He led me to the inmost depths of the forest, to a spot where sat many others of his likeness being tended by women, some old, others young in years.

These persons had the goodness to rise as we entered their midst and I was like to feel more gentle toward them for their good manners. I was given over to an elderly woman whom I took a fancy to right away. It was herself told me that by some mistake

I had been captured by a member of the Merrie Woodsmen outlaw band, and that as soon as a council sat my release would be granted me, but I must remain in the camp through the night.

A bed was made me of husks, the which of I found was a privilege the other women wanted to lack. I scarce closed mine eyes during the terrible night, although I was promised no harm.

At dawn, sorely tried by my unaccustomed bed, the likeness of her that had looked to my wants the night before, roused me and informed me that I was wanted to be seen by the counsellor. Timidly I went before him and he drew from me a treaty of silence as to my adventure, saying if I revealed the haunts or the workings of his band I should be in danger of my living. Then blowing upon a conch shell the forerunners of the band rallied to conduct me to the clearing, from whence I could easily guide myself home to Berkley Castle.

Just before leaving, the Counsellor handed me a sealed oil packet bound with a linen thread. I was to open this when I reached the clearing. I accepted it more from fear than from willingness, forsoothe I fain would have cast it into the stream which ran but a few paces from our very feet.

With no more ceremony I was dismissed from the Counsellor's presence and began my way home. The men made much sport among themselves with their bottles and paid little heed to me in their midst, for the which I was very thankful.

Finally we reached the clearing and ever as soon as we arrived there, with nary a word the outlaws wheeled about on their steeds and were gone within a twinkling.

There I opened the packet and within on a wax tablet, dug out with a stylus, was a note from the Counsellor, himself, stating that as long as I wore the signet, seal ring, which was within the packet, wherever I chanced to be, I need never fear, for inside the ring was an instrument, when blown to its full size, (which was thrice its compact form) and when rubbed with the seal on the ring, would sound the call of the band. This signal was quite unknown to anyone not a member of the clan. After giving the call it would be but an instant before aid would come in answer to the summons.

Quickly I slipped the ring on my

forefinger and betook myself to my father's castle, which by this time I knew would be in arms searching me out.

But, dear Jane, thou must know the rest of the tale and behold! mine hours are now few here, and thou hast not told to me yet the ways of thy life, little girl. I prithee tell me if or not thou be happy.

"Oh-oh, Aunt Katherine, I am exceedingly happy. This has indeed been a wonderful thing. To think I should be the one to meet you tonight, it is truly more than I can believe!"

"Ah, precious, did I not see in thine hand the signet seal, the which of I spoke to thee?"

"Truly, Aunt, you did."

"Well, dear, only those who possess that ring can I talk with. I never used the magic call, and for aught I know it is still in the ring. But let me look at the treasure, for I dare not have the touch of it on mine hand, for verily, evil would be my fortune if ever again I felt it. Remember, my dear little girl, the magic charm is locked within and perchance thou dost meet ill fortune, the mysterious potent will bear thee aid."

Then there followed the story of Jane's few years, with the revelation of the marvellous inventions produced by the world's tide of progress, when, hark!

The little French clock on the mantelpiece is fairly galloping away in its haste to be the first to warn of the daylight hour. The steady tick, tock, tick, tock of the grandfather timepiece tells majestically that the charmed hour is coming to an end.

"Boom," from the grandfather clock, "Boom."

Goodbye, dear new fashioned little girl."

"Goodbye, dear Aunt Katherine, I shall always remember you and what you have told me. Some day, perhaps my portrait will hang beside yours.

"Boom!"

"And I do hope we shall meet again."

"Boom!"

With a soft rustle of her silken gown, the old-fashioned lady mounted the portable library steps and entered the golden frame.

"Boom!!"

The fifth hour sounded and all was silent. Jane blew a kiss toward the beautiful, smiling face in the enchanted frame, then turned slowly and left the

library with one last, longing glance at Aunt Katherine's portrait.

"Perhaps," Jane murmured to herself,

half aloud, "I wonder if---perhaps, some day."

E. G. L. '25

## A Bit of Elocution

(With Apologies to Miss S.)

Dong! The study hour was over. Yeda was the first of the two girls in Study IV to slam down her books with a sigh. The next hour was a free one.

"Done, Cynthia? Then come, let's walk over to the lake. It's too fine a day to waste inside."

Cynthia was willing, but she hesitated. "Yeda, aren't you in Elocution II?"

"Oh yes," smiled Yeda, readily, and shouldn't I be plugging away on my original and required essay, to be memorized and recited just two weeks from today! Come downstairs and I'll tell you how wonderfully I've progressed on it."

Out on the green campus, Yeda announced triumphantly, "I've chosen my subject."

Cynthia was sympathetically glad. She had not chosen Elocution II, but she felt vicariously the sufferings of those in that enterprising class. Knowing that the other contestants had their essays well under way, she feared for Yeda's, yet unbegun.

"The title of mine's going to be, "Labor Conditions in the Shoe Industry, or some such wording."

"That'll be good."

"It's a subject I know something about, anyway." Yeda made a secret of the three years she had spent working in a shoe shop, preparatory to her present college years.

"You haven't got any further than the title?" Cynthia asked dubiously.

"Oh, you joy-killer! Isn't that the most of it? But, seriously, I'll work hard after today. The two hundred dollar prize would make a little difference to me."

"You've got to try whether you want the two hundred dollars or not," Cynthia interposed, "as long as you're in Elocution II."

A week before the fateful night, as the annual Elocution Night was called, found an excited group in Yed's room. The young lady, herself, held a disorderly sheaf of half-scribbled paper in her hand. When she had "felt in the

mood", she had dashed off a paragraph of her speech, thrusting it aside another day to begin on a fresh bit of paper.

"Oh, Yeda, you ought to try, you'd win the prize!"

"You'll fail in the course if you don't have it memorized, too."

"What will Professor Leek say?"

Yeda sat down resolutely at her desk.

"I hereby announce my intention of getting to work—if you'll only go and let me have peace."

"We depart, since you so graciously bid us good-night."

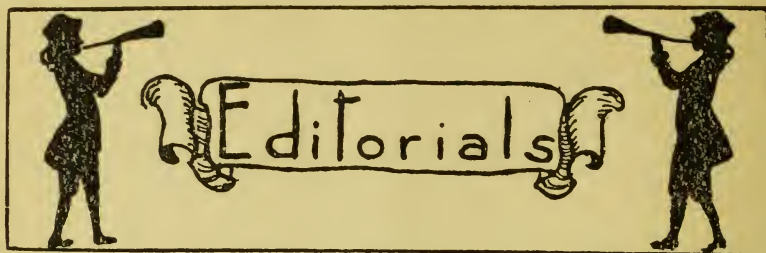
Left with Cynthia, Yeda seriously glared at her desk. She was good at spontaneous writing and talk, but this task of constructing and memorizing a well balanced oration did not at all appeal to her. She sorted her papers, forceful little paragraphs, with here and there an outstanding sentence. Copying these, she formed an introductory paragraph. How sleepy she was! The lights-out bell brought relief. She would think it all out in the morning.

Thus delaying and evading, Yeda faced Elocution Night with only the secure knowledge of how she intended to begin her talk, and also of the closing paragraph. "I can think of something to say in between," she carelessly remarked. But underneath her indifference she was worried.

That eventful night, as she listened to her own opening words, her real convictions forced themselves upon her and because her subject was intensely a part of her, she talked eagerly and convincingly. But why was Cynthia looking so worried? It must be almost time to stop. Yeda talked adroitly to introduce her closing paragraph, and finished in a burst of enthusiasm, just within the time limit. There was no applause as she stepped down, for it was forbidden until the end of the evening, but Cynthia whispered with radiant face: "You've done it, Yeda!"

And the judges confirmed Cynthia's verdict.

L. E., '25.



## The Coach and The School

By R. S. Morrill, Stoneham High School

Published in the School Review, Chicago, Illinois, May 1924

A generation ago, the athletic coach, as he is today, was almost unknown among the smaller schools. One of the men teachers or the principal went to games with the boys, perhaps attended practice occasionally, and helped to preserve order and unity in the teams, but with that his responsibility ceased. The boys organized, conducted, and controlled their extra-curricular activities. Educational authorities now recognize the fact that sports have a tremendous bearing on the development of youth and that athletics should be used to give impetus to school aims and endeavors, and, in order to obtain the development of character, physique, and personality in the highest degree, they are putting in charge of athletics highly specialized teachers called coaches or teachers of athletics.

These athletic instructors may be divided roughly into two classes, namely, members of the faculty who are engaged to teach classes and coach sports and men who are hired primarily and solely to coach the teams. Men of the former class are proving themselves indispensable to modern school life. Men of the latter class are frequently found to be dangerous liabilities when allowed to assume control of school athletics.

In order to maintain a true personal perspective with regard to the fundamental aims of the school, it is necessary for the coach to be a teacher. It is noticeable that every teacher tends to overemphasize his own subject. The teacher of history year after year increases the demands which he makes on his students and enlarges his conception of the place that history should occupy in the curriculum. The teachers of mathematics bewail the lack of preparation on the part of the students who

come to them and demand more time in which to increase their accomplishments. Likewise, if a man teaches exclusively, he magnifies their importance until, unless checked, the school becomes an institution for the training of modern gladiators rather than modern citizens. Coaching must be considered as merely a part of a teacher's duty if the coach is to maintain the proper balance between athletics and instruction.

The coach should be a teacher in order to have that understanding of the problems of the school which will enable him properly to correlate his activities with what the school is trying to do. Such problems may be purely educational; that is, they may involve the preparation of athletes for college, classroom requirements, school discipline, the financing of athletics, or ideals which the school is trying to establish; or they may involve the entire community and be political or social. A coach who fails to adjust his coaching so as to assist the school in attaining its highest ideals fails to give athletics the place which they should occupy in school life, even though he may win every game scheduled. Such adjustment can come only from a coach who thoroughly understands the school and who is in sympathy with the school officials through daily contact with them.

The problem of the school may be the implanting of American ideals in the minds of the children of immigrants, newly landed, with all of the Old World selfishness and poverty and class distinction imbedded and reflected in their offspring. In the case of such children, the American admiration of the athlete develops a most unhealthy egotism unless continually combatted.

The desire to win, coupled with a lack of understanding of the meaning of sportsmanship, results in unfair methods of play, in a breaking of rules if possible, and in the abuse of officials. In such cases the coach must be a man of unquestionable integrity and sportsmanship, ready and anxious to sacrifice victory for the sake of teaching that the struggle of a game is but a small-scale replica of the contest of life and that in each, the final reward of community respect goes only to the man who has played the game fairly and given his best, regardless of the result.

The problem of the school may be political. There are communities in which the control of athletics in the school passes from the principal of the school to members of the schoolboard or politicians who exploit the games for their own financial gain, cleverly masking their actions under the misleading slogan that winning athletic teams serve to advertise the town. There are communities so lacking in civic pride and so blinded to true values that they permit the hiring of a professional coach for the sole purpose of producing winning teams, in order to attract crowds large enough to pay for a privately owned athletic plant for the use of the school, which should be provided with such a plant from public funds. The solution of such problems is to put in charge of athletics a teacher capable of forcing public opinion to regard schoolboy games as educational and not professional.

A coach should be a teacher because as such he grows to know the students from the point of view of their educational aims rather than because of their physical development. He should know from daily contact with the other teachers which athletes are good students and which are doing only enough work to keep them eligible for the teams. As a teacher, he can demand classroom standards of the athletes that would not be respected by them if it were known that he was wholly interested in physical activities. Also it is important to note that the addition to the staff of a teacher who can set an example in athletics raises the general level of the students' opinion of the faculty.

Furthermore, the man in charge of the school athletic teams should consider it his duty to teach athletics. There is a great difference between the teaching of athletics and the coaching

of a team, although the distinction is seldom considered by those who judge the ability of the coach wholly on the basis of the number of games won. For example, in a certain high school enrolling about two hundred boys, ninety or more report at the athletic field four afternoons a week, dressed for physical exercise. For an hour they receive physical training and setting up drills, and for this work they may receive credits toward graduation. At the close of the training hour the boys on the various squads go to practice with their respective teams. The time left for team practice is necessarily shorter than the time enjoyed by other schools, but no time needs to be spent by the coach in conditioning the players. The records show that since the system was established the teams have been uniformly better than before, and the school is famous for clean hard playing. A visitor to that school is impressed with the erect carriage and health of the students. Contrast this with a school of similar size where a group of from fifteen to twenty-five boys report for football practice, each afternoon that the coach personally requests their coming, for the purpose of spending two hours in highly specialized individual instruction for the defeating of eleven boys representing some rival institution. It seems scarcely logical for a town to pay from two to five hundred dollars for a man to teach twenty boys how to play football and at the same time fail to provide any athletic training for two hundred other boys who stand on the street corner and waste their time because they lack some physical ability which the twenty possess.

The trouble lies in the mistaken idea that the way to produce a winning team is to concentrate attention on a few selected individuals. It is due to the fact that no man who believes that holding his job depends on victory dares to adopt the far-sighted policy of providing thorough physical training for all and then to rely on it to furnish the material out of which a successful team may be molded with a minimum of effort. The first step in the establishment of a uniformly successful system of athletics is to place in charge, a teacher whose business it is to give physical training and whose success is measured in terms of the moral and physical development of the majority of the students of the school.

An important cause of the failure of the teacher-coach system, either in teaching or coaching, is the schedule of classes assigned to each man. It is not uncommon to find a teacher-coach whose schedule is as full as that of any other teacher in the school system. In many schools the teacher-coaches are given home-rooms and study rooms to look after, in which are to be found most of the difficult disciplinary cases because such men can usually handle the obstreperous boys. In other schools they are assistant principals and are expected to assume administrative duties. The excuse of the school board or superintendent for overworking such a teacher is that he is given extra pay for coaching and doing it outside of school hours, and the same school board or superintendent will either accept criticisms from parents because the teacher was not able to give the students enough out-of-school help to enable them to keep up to standard or else accept the suggestion of the alumni that they hire a coach with energy enough to make the squad into an aggressive, victorious unit. Then people think that the remedy lies in hiring some popular athlete who needs a job, whom they think qualified because he wears a college letter and is liked by the boys. The proper use of an able teacher-coach solves the coaching problem, but no man can teach and supervise all morning, coach in the afternoon, prepare for his teaching in the evening, conduct games on Saturday, and be the success that he is expected to be in all that he is expected to do.

As a teacher, the coach has an opportunity to advance his coaching by using his schoolroom. The best teachers of the academic subjects are constantly collecting pictures and reports of activities of their departments; the coach should be alert to secure anything of value to the teaching of athletics and display it in his room. For example, a teacher-coach was assigned to a small recitation room that was undecorated, and he proceeded to make it distinctly an athletic room. He secured a number of photographs of a famous college football team in action, hung them conspicuously and used them in showing the boys how the game should be played. Winning balls and treasured bats helped to decorate the room. On a huge bulletin board he posted pictures and articles of in-

terest taken from newspapers. Particular blue-pencil emphasis was given to items that advanced the cause of good sportsmanship, and this bulletin board was visited every day by so many students that it became necessary to restrict them. That coach seldom preached directly to the players, but from the articles on that bulletin board they absorbed good sportsmanship until it was reflected in their playing on the field. At a halt in a football game on a muddy field that man gave the members of his team a blanket on which to wipe their slippery hands. As they finished, the captain handed it to his opponents to use, and the coach led the applause that followed the act. Many people were surprised because the feeling between the teams was intense. Afterwards the coach asked the boy why he did it and received the reply, "You told me that Harvard and Yale swapped towels the day that they played in the rain."

In this same classroom were hung pictures of the teams representing the school. In one corner was a long shelf on which were kept a number of books about the different sports. Members of the squads were allowed to borrow them, and the information secured from such reading was used for the benefit of the school. The students liked to go to that room for classes, and a group could usually be found there in the afternoon discussing athletics. The room was used for meetings of the teams and for signal drills and discussions, and on rainy days athletes might be found there who needed help of any kind, whether athletic or scholastic. The spirit of the room finally resulted in the forming of a club by the wearers of the school letter for the purpose of promoting better sportsmanship among the teams of the school.

As a teacher, the coach has a great opportunity to assist in the discipline of the school. It is not uncommon to find teachers who rejoice over the chance to use interference with a boy's athletic opportunity as a whip with which to beat him into disciplinary or scholastic submission. "If John does not stop whispering and do his home work, I will stop his playing basketball," a teacher in English told a coach recently, and a serious split in the faculty was caused when that young man courageously replied that he did not believe any teacher of abil-

ity needed to cripple an athletic team in order to solve a classroom problem. No athlete should be given privileges or opportunities not offered to other students, but surely no boy ought to find his athletic position furnishing a club with which a belligerent teacher can drive him to standards not demanded of his classmates or reached by them.

A good teacher-coach can entirely eliminate this opposition between the purely academic teacher and the purely athletic instructor. By appealing directly to the athletes, a teacher-coach can make them see that they owe to their team and school such conduct and scholarship as will make them worthy members of the group, and, for the sake of the team, the boys will maintain standards that they never could be coerced into upholding. A quiet word from the teacher to the teacher-coach, informing him that a certain athlete is not doing as he should, results in action by the coach on the ground that such misconduct, if continued, will harm the team. Sometimes a teacher-coach will suspend from play an athlete whose scholastic reports are not satisfactory, telling him that someone must be trained who surely will be eligible when the hard games are played. It never fails to produce an immediate change for the better in the classroom. The coach may perhaps tell the players that they are almost revered by the students in the lower grades of the school, that they are the idols of every small boy in the town, that their actions are copied and their attitudes mimicked, and that their influence is tremendous. This is flattery perhaps but flattery that will make the boys realize that they owe to themselves the setting of a worthy standard of conduct.

Again, a teacher-coach may exert a powerful influence in the direction of keeping boys in school. Many a boy is held in school by the charm of athletics when otherwise he would be drifting from one poorly selected job to another. Some people say that if athletics are all that he goes to school for, he would be better off at work. Many such boys, however, come to find themselves during these athletic years, grow to realize what school really means to them, and finally make for themselves a place that they would never have attained except for the extra schooling athletics made them ac-

cept. Usually their awakening dates from the time when their teacher-coach talked seriously with them of the future.

Finally, as we study the question, it becomes evident that all of the advantages of schoolboy athletics depend on the personality of the coach. Athletics are probably the most important single factor in the school life of the boys, and undoubtedly the most important influence in athletics is the personality of the coach. He leads. His standards are their standards; his example their aim. He has a tremendous responsibility. In taking his place in school life he is making more than his own reputation or even the reputation of the school; he is making the character of youth. What type of man must he be? What standards should we demand of this man to whom we intrust our boys in their most important activity?

He must be morally clean. No list of victories, however long, no reputation for producing star players, can balance in the slightest degree any implication that his life off the field is not exemplary.

He should not smoke. This is a much disputed question, but we are inconsistent if we expect our boys to attain maturity without using tobacco and the same time place them under the control of a coach who finds it necessary to smoke in public.

He should not use or tolerate profanity. This is another disputed question; men will argue that in football a coach has to swear in order to arouse his men to a fighting pitch, but experience proves the contrary.

He should keep his temper, always. I have seen a football coach strike one of the players with his fist, and I heard the father of one of his opponents say, "That may be the way he won three city championships, but he never could coach my boy, for I wouldn't let him play under him." I have seen many coaches abuse officials, but I have never seen one profit thereby.

Finally, he must be a gentleman, first, last, and all of the time. No matter what conditions may be, in victory or defeat, in practice or games, under fair or dishonest officials, in the face of any circumstances, that standard must be maintained. Sportsmanship is a word to inspire, but all of its new meanings and applications are included in what men have always meant

by the term "gentlemen." Strongly in defeat, overpoweringly in victory, the coach leads our youth. His is the opportunity. Great is his responsibility.

And fortunate indeed is the school numbering among its faculty a teacher-coach able and willing to assume his proper place in school life.

## Exchange Notes

### Our Exchange List

This is our final list, a sort of good-bye list, but we shall hope to see them (as well as new ones) in print next year when instead of august editors, we shall be merely "gentle readers."

M. H. S. Review, Medford High School, Mass.

Broadcast, Jamaica Plain High School, Mass.

Drury Academe, Drury High School, Mass.

Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Mass.

Red and Black, Whitman High School, Mass.

Boston University News, Boston University, Mass.

Boston University Beacon, Boston University, Mass.

Le Petite Ranger, Kemmerer High School, Wyo.

Blue and Gold, Malden High School, Mass.

Round Up, Roosevelt High School, Iowa.

Blue Pencil, Walnut High School, Mass.

Aegis, Beverly High School, Mass.

Red and Black, Rogers High School, Rhode Island.

Crimson and Gray, Mary E. Wells School, Mass.

Alpha, New Bedford High School, Mass.

Argus, Gardner High School, Mass.

Debater, Wakefield High School, Mass.

This is our last number. At this time the last numbers of other schools are being published or have been already published. It is deplorable in more ways than one that periodicals must pass so soon into the hands of succeeding classes. A year is after all so short a time in which to acquire experience and use it to the best advantage. Still, if an editorial staff has much initiative at all, it ought to be able to accomplish something worthwhile in its allotted time and hand it down as a worthy example for its successor.

### A Change

A year ago the magazine form of periodical was much more popular with schools than the newspaper, but now some of our oldest exchanges are adopting the latter form. To what may the change be attributed? Perhaps to a desire to "feel out" and to try new ideas.

It is in this desire to explore and experiment that advancement is due. A periodical offers a chance for just this sort of thing and many schools are making use of the opportunity.

### The Periodical and the Faculty

The Roosevelt High School in Des Moines believes that the relation of the faculty to the school periodical should be something more than merely that of a subscriber. Say they, "Why not have a faculty page or something equivalent to one?"

Indeed, why not? What better way can there be to unite teachers and pupils in one big family? Faculty pages, we notice, are becoming more and more popular every year.

### Commencement

A beginning.

Of what a beginning?

Of the cold of the reality of things,

Of failure and bitter disillusion?

Or the end,

The end of the play of a child?

M. H., '25.

### And What Would Have Happened Then?

Macbeth: "What kill a nice old man like Duncan? See here, Lady M., you attend to your household affairs and don't try to run mine."

Bassanio: "I'll take the gold casket."

Brutus: "Let me tip you off, Caesar, the boys are planning to do you in on the Ides of March."

Cleopatra: "Oh-h-h-h, take that horrid snake away."

# Athletics

## S. H. S. 5—Winchester 4

Stoneham defeated Winchester, April 23, on the Pomeworth St. grounds, to the tune of 5 to 4. It was a very tight game for both teams. Rotundi pitched a great game for Stoneham, fanning 13. Fitzgerald and T. Dolan starred for Winchester, while Hunt and MacAnanny starred for Stoneham.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Winchester
MacAnanny ss	cf T. Dolan
Kinsley 3b	rf Tansey
Duplin 2b	2b Flaherty
Patch c	1b Fitzgerald
Fallon cf	lf Harrold
Rotundi p	c Melly
Robertson lf	3b L. O'Donnell
Hunt 1b	ss C. O'Donnell
Neilson, Fudge rf	p Kendrick
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	1 0 0 3 0 0 0 1 0—5
Winchester	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—4

## S. H. S. 4—Melrose 6

Stoneham High tasted its first defeat April 26, from Melrose, at the Pomeworth St. grounds. Stoneham had the edge up to the 7th inning, where they loosened up and Melrose tied the score. In the next inning, Melrose scored two, and held Stoneham to their four tallies. Melrose got only four hits off Robertson, but errors in the 7th gave them the game. Duplin and Kinsley starred for Stoneham and VonKlock and Mathias starred for Melrose.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Melrose
MacAnanny ss	cf Simpson
Duplin 2b	3b Delano
Kinsley 3b	lf Von Klock
Hunt 1b	c Mathias
Patch c	rf Lloyd
Robertson p, lf	1b Shaw
Rotundi p, lf	ss McGenley
Fallon cf	p Barrett
Neilson, Fudge rf	2b Murphy
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0—4
Melrose	0 0 0 0 0 0 4 2 0—6

## S. H. S. 6—Winchester 3

For the second time this season, Stoneham proved superior to Winchester and showed that the first game was no accident.

Rotundi and Tansey started on a pitching duel put the powerful Stoneham hitters got to Tansey in the fifth and put the game on ice. Rotundi struck out 13 and Tansey 9.

S. H. S. Winchester

The summary:

S. H. S.	Winchester
MacAnanny ss	cf F. Dolan
Kinsley 3b	p Tansey
Duplin 2b	2b Flaherty
Patch c	1b Fitz
Fallon cf	lf Harrold
Robertson lf	c Melly
Fudge rf	3b J. Dolan
Rotundi p	ss C. O'Donnell
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	0 0 1 0 3 1 1 0 0—6
Winchester	0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0—3

## S. H. S. 7—Wakefield 1

Stoneham High easily defeated Wakefield, May 7, on the Pomeworth St. grounds, 7 to 1. Rotundi pitched his usual good game, striking out 8 men. Wakefield only secured 5 base hits from him in the nine innings. Kinsley starred for Stoneham and scored two doubles. Melanson and Hall starred for Wakefield.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Wakefield
MacAnanny ss	3b Melanson
Duplin 2b	c Tyler
Kinsley 3b	p Duggan
Fallon cf	ss Hall
Patch c	1b Tasker
Rotundi	lf Silvarty
Robertson lf	cf Flannigan
Brock 1b	rf Preston
C. Rotundi, Smith rf	2b Brewer
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	2 1 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 7
Wakefield	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1

Time 2.35. Umpire, Lannon.

## S. H. S. 3—Melrose 6

Again at Melrose, Stoneham was defeated by Melrose High. Although

# THE STONEHAM HIGH SCHOOL AUTHENTIC

Stoneham freely hit Kimball for 10 hits errors proved the downfall of Stoneham. Kimball was as wild as a hawk passing ten men. Semple and McGinley played best ball for Melrose, while Kinsley and MacAnanny starred for Stoneham.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Melrose
MacAnanny ss, p	cf Simpson
Kinsley 3b	3b Delano
Duplin 2b, ss	rf Lloyd
Patch c	1b Semple, Shaw
Hunt 1b	ss McGinley
Fallon cf, 2b	cf VonKlock
Rotundi lf	c Reardon
Robertson cf	p Kimball
Nilson, C. Rotundi rf	2b Murphy
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 3
Melrose	0 4 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 6

Time 2.05. Umpire Ross.

## S. H. S. 14—Woburn 2

Stoneham High handed Woburn a licking at the Pomeworth st. grounds, the score being 14 to 2. Rotundi fanned ten for Stoneham. Kinsley, Duplin and MacAnanny starred with the stick for Stoneham, while Duran and Martin played good ball for Woburn. Despite the fact that the game was one sided at times, it was a good game.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Woburn
MacAnanny ss	ss Duran
Kinsley 3b	lf Plummer
Duplin 2b	rf Carroll, Flaherty
Patch c'	3b Rooney
Fallon cf	2b Ahern
Hunt 1b	1b Coates
E. Rotundi p	cf Martin
Robertson, C. Rotundi lf	

	p Cuno, McEleney
Fudge, Masi rf	c Leader
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	0 0 1 0 1 1 7 0 4 14
Woburn	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2

Time 2.10. Umpire Norton.

## S. H. S. 5—Reading 8

Stoneham was defeated in a weird game of ball at Reading May 20, the score being 8 to 5. It was a hard game for Stoneham to lose. Rotundi was not in his best form but played fairly well. Errors in the second and fourth innings gave Reading the victory, while a shady decision in the eighth put the game on ice for Reading. Kinsley and Fallon played well for Stoneham, and Jones and Conti starred for Reading.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Reading
MacAnanny ss	cf Cox
Kinsley 3b	3b Jones
Duplin 2b	1b McClintock
Fallon cf	c Crosby
Patch c	ss Merrill
Broek 1b	lf Worthen
E. Rotundi p	2b Eeles
Robertson lf	rf Conti
Fudge rf	p Davis

The summary:

Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	0 0 4 0 0 0 1 0 0 5
Reading	0 0 3 3 0 0 0 2 0 8

Time 2 hours. Umpires Lang and Brown.

## S. H. S. 10—Weymouth 3

The strong Weymouth High team was defeated to the tune of 10 to 3, by the Stoneham team, at the Pomeworth St. grounds, May 24. Robertson worked well in the box for the home team, fanning 10 men. MacAnanny and Rotundi starred for the Stoneham High and Murray for Weymouth.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Weymouth
MacAnanny ss	3b Mauro
Kinsley 3b	ss Bates
Duplin 2b	cf Dalesdrank
Fallon, C. Rotundi cf	1b Dovey
E. Rotundi lf	c Murray
Hunt 1b	rf Belcher
Robertson p	cf Kelly
Fudge, Masi rf	2b Read
Broek c	p Sullivan

Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	2 4 1 1 0 0 2 0 0—10
Weymouth	0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3

Time 2 hours. Umpire, Lannon.

## S. H. S. 11—Saugus 4

Stoneham easily pinned defeat on Saugus, at the Pomeworth St. grounds, May 27. Rotundi starred with the stick for Stoneham. Robertson fanned 11 and only gave three hits. Oxley played the best game for Saugus.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Saugus
MacAnanny ss	ss Gove
Kinsley 3b	2b Chesley
Duplin 2b	lf Oxley
Fallon, C. Rotundi cf	c Goodhue
Hunt 1b	1b Guy
Robertson p, lf	3b Poole
Fudge rf	rf Dean
Broek c	cf Papps
E. Rotundi p, lf	p Willis
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	6 2 0 0 1 1 1 0 0—11

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Saugus 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—4  
Time 2.25. Umpire, Lannon.

## S. H. S. 5—Belmont 6

Stoneham High was defeated in their first League game by Belmont High, at Belmont. A great deal of errors were made by both teams and Belmont emerged the victor. Rotundi struck out 12, but the game was lost through lack of support. MacAnanny and Duplin hit heavily for Stoneham and White and Grady led for Belmont.

The summary:

S. H. S.	Belmont
MacAnanny ss	2b Long
Kinsley 3b	ss Wood
Duplin 2b	3b White
Patch c	lf Grady
Fallon cf	cf De Stephano
Hunt 1b	1b Foster
E. Rotundi p	c Secor
Robertson lf	rf Austin
Fudge rf	p Rockett

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Belmont	2	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	—6
S. H. S.	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	2	—5

Time 1.55. Umpire, Norton.

## S. H. S. 26—Lexington 6

Stoneham High had an easy time in beating Lexington, May 31, on the Pomeworth St. grounds. This League game Stoneham won and brightens her chance for the cup. Kinsley and Duplin starred for Stoneham.

S. H. S.	Lexington
MacAnanny ss	cf Kelly
Duplin 2b	c Biggi
Kinsley 3b	ss Collins
Fallon cf	1b Moloy
Rotundi p	lf McNamara
Hunt 1b	2b Lydiard
Robertson lf	3b J. Moloy
Fudge, C. Rotundi rf	rf Stetson
Brock, Patch c	p McIntosh

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. H. S.	4	1	0	3	2	6	0	0	—25
Lexington	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	—5

Time 2.10. Umpire, Kelleher.

## S. H. S. 16—Lexington 7

Stoneham went to Lexington, June 5, for another League game. Lexington seemed a bit better than the previous Saturday, giving us ten less runs, but only being able to get seven themselves so S. H. S. whipped them very easily to the tune of 16 to 7.

The summary:

	ab	bh	a	e
Kinsley 3b	5	3	0	1
Duplin 2b	4	3	2	0

MacAnanny ss	4	2	5	2
Fallon cf	5	0	0	0
Rotundi lf	5	1	0	0
Hunt 1b	2	0	0	0
Robertson p	6	4	1	0
C. Rotundi rf	3	0	1	1
Fudge rf	1	0	0	0
Brock c	1	1	0	0
Patch c	2	1	2	0

## S. H. S. 13—Belmont 11

Stoneham got back in the race for the Middlesex League championship by defeating Belmont, on the Pomeworth St. grounds, June 7th. "Gene" pitched wonderful ball, fanning fourteen and allowing only four hits. Brock became the hero when he tapped out a nice Texas leaguer which brought in two runs and being knocked in himself, giving us a lead of two runs which Belmont could not overcome.

The summary:

Kinsley 3b	2b Long
Duplin 2b	ss Wood
MacAnanny ss	3b White
Fallon cf	lf Grady
Rotundi p	cf Stephano
Hunt 1b	rf Austin
Robertson p	1b Foster
Masi rf	c Secor
Fudge rf	pMcCarthy, White
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
S. H. S.	1 0 1 1 2 0 5 3 —13
Belmont	0 6 0 1 0 3 0 1 0—11

Time 2.05. Umpire, Kelleher.

"Love is like an onion,  
We taste it with delight,  
But when 'tis gone, we wonder  
Whatever made us bite."

Spring has come. Time to shingle  
your houses and hair.

The Future is what fools call tomorrow,  
and what wise men call today.

The ocean wearily exclaimed,  
"Incessantly I go;  
I wonder that I don't get corns,  
Upon my undertoe."

The Wedding Cake was heavy but  
the candles made it light.

Man is mortal, don't expect too much  
of him.

The closest that some people will ever  
get to an auto is an autobiography.

## Class Notes

1924

Leavitt in English: "Who wrote Milton's Minor Poems?"

A certain Junior, who was quite proud of his Ford, came out of school the other day and saw a fellow classmate walking away with the front tire. "Come back here," he yelled, "Gimme my tire."

"Is this your tire?" said the surprised classmate, "I thought it was a rubber band."

Teacher (in Biology): "Why do birds stand on one foot?"

Devlin: "If they lift the other foot, they will fall down."

Melley: "I got Cuba last night on my single tube set."

Longmore: "That's nothing, I got Greece on my vest!"

Freshie: "Gee! Can't the Juniors run!"

Soph. (after seeing Bun chase Freddie Brock up the stairs): "It's lucky for them they can!"

### We Hear by the Radio

THAT:

Riley makes frequent visits on Main Street.

The Juniors had a wonderful tug-of-war team?

John Scanlon got a hair cut!

Buckie is pretty clever dodging taxi drivers?

Rice thought seriously of leaving Room 13!

Normie Pierce has found a tame cherry tree.

A certain teacher has made very many friends among the Seniors in the last week.

Freddie Brock will keep away from Room 13 in the future.

Joe won't run short of graduation invitations.

Kenneth was heard singing after the Senior play, "Why DIDN'T I kiss that girl?"

Judson is some mind reader when it comes to knowing examination dates?

Teacher (in history): "Remember, use pen not ink."

## Stoneham High School Statistics

Best Room .....	13
Best Class .....	'24
Favorite Period .....	Recess
Favorite Study .....	Cooking
Dumbbells .....	Sophomores
Fatheads .....	Juniors
Most Intellectual .....	Seniors
Pleasantest Sound ..	Dismissal Bell 1.30
Hardest Task .....	Arrive at 8 o'clock
Favorite Pastime ..	Getting Slips Signed

1925

Miss Moore, continuing the explanation, after delivering a lecture: "God bless you, you have spoken well."

"Bank on me kid," said the shore to the river.

Seniors are those who "keep that school girl complexion" on their coat collars.

"You rattle me," said the bones as they rolled across the table.

A dude on shore is disgusting, but a swell at sea makes every one sick.

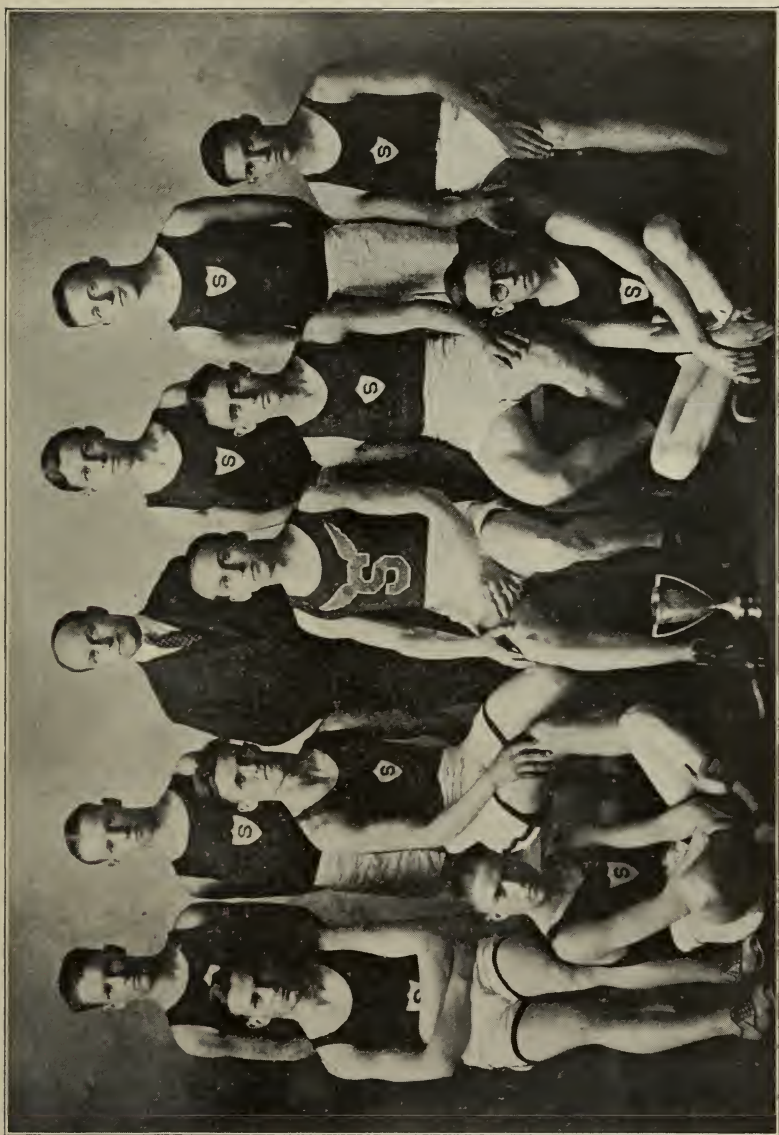
THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE READY TO SAY A BAD WORD ABOUT YOU.

### Class Characters and Their Doubles

Mutt and Jeff ..	Robinson and Kenson
Rudy Valentino .....	Prescott
Larry Semon .....	Brock
Barney Google .....	Nickerson
Zane Grey .....	C. Rotundi
Barney Oldfield .....	W. Bates
Beau Brummel .....	Hale
Wille Hoppe .....	J. Kelly
The Deerslayer .....	Fuller
Mellon's Food Baby .....	Small
Ichabod Crane .....	Gorman
Billy and the Boy Artist .....	Haplin
Jack Keefe .....	Duplin
Pancho Villa .....	Finnegan
Punch and Judy .....	Kelly and Chase
The Human Questionnaire .....	Evans
The Gingham Girl .....	Hylan
The Dream Girl .....	Blanchard
The Gumps Lister, Brackley and Parks	
Tilly, the Toiler .....	Brackley

What a bunch of (auburn) haired bimboes adorn the Junior Class.

The Juniors are becoming efficient in glass-blowing, judging from the scarcity of glass tubes in the Laboratory.



STONEHAM HIGH SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY TEAM



Why We Flunk?

Georgia was settled by people who had been executed.

In 1620, the Pilgrims crossed the ocean. This is known as Pilgrim's Progress.

The reason Taft was not elected in 1912, was that the Republican party separated him.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible armada.

Benjamin Franklin discovered electricity by rubbing cat's backs

Andrew Jackson was called "Old Hickory" because when he was a young boy he was a little tough.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers.

Horsepower is the distance a horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth's surface which way you are going.

A vacuum is a large empty space in which the Pope lives.

Edward III would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

In order to halt the soldier places the foot which is on the ground beside the one which is in the air and remains stationary.

Some people think a "blooming idiot" is a large flower.

"Ah!" cried the mattress, bouncing joyously up and down, "Spring is here."

1926

No jokes, no news, spring fever prevalent, favorite recreation is establishing long distance sleep records in study periods. The present record is not official, since it was made in class.

The only exam in which we would receive A would be one of one question: "How many more days of school?"

Some things we'll miss next year:

The Seniors. (?)

The old gang in Room 12.

The Junior members of the Physics Class.

1927

One of the girls, reading from "Caesar in Gaul: "I will take poison, according to my custom."

Bells are seldom silent, Mary is no exception.

E. Parks, translating a story about a stick beating a little boy: "Au point qu'il lui follut rester trois jours au lit: So hard that he could not sit down for three weeks."

Heard at Field Hockey Hike, which proves that P. Henderson pays attention in Science, although it may always appear so. "Grace, will you first class lever with me?" (Teeter.)

Pretty soon Mr. Green will have to get a larger room if he has so many young ladies coming in after school. In 4th English I, he will soon have only to read the names of those that do not have to report at 1.30.

Oppen: "I've heard of people going to the crazy house for studying too much."

Teacher: "Never mind, Oppen, you'll never get there."

Mr. Green: "Give some uses of commas."

Munger: "Used with words like apples, oranges, bananas, peaches, etc."

Mr. Green: "What do you call them?"

Munger: "Fruit."

We wonder:

If Frances Smith passed in Algebra, whether Frank Wood (would.)

Add two and two whether we would have to show Walter Howe (how.)

1928

Miss Thompson (in Latin): "Which of the three conditions is this sentence in?"

Kelly: "Bad condition."

Mr. Gowen: "Name two kinds of banks."

V. Chesley: "National and Sand."

Miss Fanning: "What did we have for today?"

Kelly: "Diet of Worms."

## Resolution: A Play

Time: Any week-day evening.  
 Place: Torp's and Darg's bedroom. A liberal supply of papers and books adorn the table, and our heroes are laboring manfully to transfer the knowledge contained there to a more approved resting-place.  
 Torp: (after several minutes of laborious study) Sa-a-ay, Darg?  
 Darg: (absently) Yes, dear?  
 Torp: Well, don't think you're funny. You're not.  
 Darg: All right, dear. I'm listening.  
 Torp: Darg, I-I've been thinking maybe I sort of ought to study a little more. You know I didn't get very good marks last term.  
 Darg: (following up very exciting unknown quantity) Uh-huh.  
 Torp: I thought maybe if I-  
 Darg: (becoming a little interested) Don't feel sick anywhere do you?  
 Torp: Maybe if I-  
 Darg: I couldn't be sure without asking, you know.  
 Torp: (with a rush) I thought maybe if I studied a little more, maybe it'd sort of pull everything up a little.  
 Darg: (soothingly) There, there, dear, you'll get over it after awhile.  
 Ten minutes of deep silence ensue, broken only by the ticking of the clock.  
 Torp: Say, Darg, what's damus mean?  
 Darg: I dunno. Same's the English, I guess.  
 Torp: (By degrees slipping further down in his chair) Why the deuce can't they put stuff where a feller'll find it?  
 Darg: Steady, steady, Torp.  
 Torp: (From depths below) Well, goodnight, if you had to study this stuff, you'd blow up. (No response.) Say I can't make anything out of this jumble. Why can't they make books with more notes in 'em?  
 Darg: 6 y times—  
 Torp: (Aiming book at nearest chair) Oh, what's the use? I'm going to bed. This stuff can go hang.  
 Darg: I knew you'd get over it after a while, old boy. Sweet dreams. '25.

The Class of 1925 take this  
 opportunity to thank all those  
 who have made their year so  
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 Marjorie Young

## Scientific Course.

George Richard Barnstead, Jr.  
 Edna Dagnye Brodeen  
 Lawrence George Carter  
 James Campbell deGruchy, Jr.  
 Hollis Robert Goode  
 Elizabeth Gage Johnson  
 Florence Isabel Kelly  
 Alfred Randall Moulton  
 Eldred Keene Patch  
 Kenneth Earl Rice  
 George Frederick Riley, Jr.  
 Eugene Bernard Rotundi  
 John Joseph Scanlon  
 Catherine Wardwell  
 Leon Weston White  
 Judson Jay Whitehead, Jr.

## General Course. (4 yrs.)

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 John Martin Devlin  
 Henry Earl Leavitt  
 Helena Ann Markham  
 Albert Fletcher Melley  
 Norman James Pierce  
 William Frederick Turner  
 Eric Oscar Williams

## General Course. (3 yrs.)

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 Dorothy Dow Green  
 Robert Smith Harrington  
 Harold Monroe MacAnanny  
 Katherine Elizabeth Owen  
 Francis Ernest Rafferty  
 Marian Wallace

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 Norma Gertrude Andrews  
 Camella DeAngelis  
 Pasquale DeMartino  
 Geraldine Elizabeth Drew  
 Edith Elizabeth Ewing  
 Grace Amelia Frost  
 Hilda Mae Frost  
 Elwyn Kenneth Gay  
 Olive Goudey  
 Anna Frances Hamill  
 Mildred Krohn  
 Grace Leavitt  
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 Marion Elinor Saxby  
 Florence Katherine Thompson  
 Blanche Vivian Wilkins  
 Marie Agnes Young



